

INDIAN CHIEFTAIN.

JOHN L. ADAIR, Editor.
M. E. MILFORD, Manager.

VINITA - INDIAN TERRITORY.

THE RIVER OF DREAMS.

There's a river that flows to a Indian song,
That river was set to an earthy tone;
There's a day or bright and the river flows
long.

For me, I am, and always June;
And the light of the morning abhors it streams.

And we sail to the beautiful River of Dreams.

At never a boat had foot perch'd;

It shuns borders, savages and law;

But over its deep, unshodded breast-

The fair does float down the long wave.

With the loves and the hills that blow'n

Sail softly to the port of Unknowns.

For the winds of our lives are there-

The glad, bright things that were ours of old,

Like the blight of sorrow, the coldest care,

Had dulled and tarnished your golden-

Had turned to ashes the hope and trust

That breathes in the port of Unknowns.

- Emma Alice Brown, M. A., Author.

A Brother's Keeper.

A WOMAN'S WORK OF LOVE AND DUTY.

BY MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD,
AUTHOR OF "CHASSE O' DONN," "STEPHEN
GARRETT," "THE LOVE MAN'S
GARDEN," AND OTHER STORIES.

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CHAPTER I.

URLEY stepped out in the February dusk after spending a quiet Sunday at home. His house rose between him and the western sky, and he peered a moment, as he often did, to look it with his eyes. It was an old building, abundantly large with many a half-thought of wings and porches.

Jesse Stone could be seen walking in the back yard, and the voice of Jessie's wife could be heard crying from the front porch. A far-off Sabbath bell, which she planted, tolled ready for next day's washing. Mrs. Stone kept holy day with Scotch Presbyterian rigor from five o'clock on Saturday evening till she attended night service this way from her home to Haven.

The homes of Urley's neighbors appeared here and there, and down wooded hills still spattered the college town's steeples. Below, culture was life's law. Up hill, sunlit farms and scattered school-houses quite another class of people made another atmosphere. Refinement and earnestness may have been the state of a boy, so had Gresham and the hills over them; each other several generations without perceptibly acting on each other. However solidly excellent these hill farmers might be, the college town despised their place of living; while, on the opposite side, the hill farmers were regarded appropriations for the improvement of society.

Urley took a short cut across the upward slope of his meadow to spend an hour with an old chum whose home lay on the border of the hill region. He reached the muddy road, and a few turns brought him to the stone walls and the red roofs of Tom Holmes' lawn. Poppies strewed the star pillars the path to the house. It was a well-stomach animated, covered with knobby elbows of the trumpet vine. The sitting-room windows were flickering with firelight, and some subterranean voices made him venture ahead and lift a late glow-gate entrance to the cellar.

"It's Ruby, of course," said Urley. "Then the house was a girl's home." At the foot of the stairs was a girl's child. She held Tom Holmes' toddling child by one hand, and with the other lifted a candle over her head. She was very young, and had black hair curling away from an eagle's nest. Her three slender white above-blue blouse was open at the waist, and her sleeves were tucked above elbows, soft and round. A large calico apron almost covered her.

The two looked steadily at each other a moment, he at the top, she at the foot of the stairs. Being a stranger, Urley detected the sad, sorrowful curve of mouth which she would have concealed from him.

"Beg pardon," said he, "in hand." "Ayn't Tess and Mrs. Holmes in?" said the girl. "I heard you and thought it was Mr. McArchie."

"Urley, of the Mounds farm. I hope I haven't started you!"

"Oh, no; if you wait a little while they will come. Toddy and I are keeping house. I promised to take care of him and strain the milk."

Toddy, recognizing a play-fellow at the foot of the stairs, shot a tussle and uttered remarks in a dialect peculiar to himself.

"May I come down and help you?" inquired Urley. "An after," he thought, "which she may resent."

"If you would please lift the pails it would be a help," she replied. Toddy keeps house."

Urley descended the stairs and they went back to the milk cellar. The crows and paws were already in line, and along this line they progressed. Urley carrying the tails and she the long milk-straw. Toddy, eddied, eddied by, interposed his mug at such a time as this. The milk woman started out on her rounds, and the tail of the flowing milk, but she attended to this most pastoral employment in pastoral quiet. The song was set on a swinging shelf above. Jars, bottles and bins were stacked in the dark, and the silver army from the light. The song of apples, peaches, and oranges, a host of cake-tops came through a hole in the door. Just over the candle-flame a spider basked, as if basking in the gray blanket of his web.

Ringing was and dinging the milk-straw. Tom Holmes had odd notions, like recently of having a guest in the family, and she was certainly not a successor to Gladys Thompson. She had the unbecoming dignity of a lady, and once was seen to sit on the floor in a chair, with her hands clasped, as if she were a widow. Urley noted this, but it was not to be expected in one. There was a jar full of something black which ought to have been jam; but it was tar, and Tess was crocked. I kept licking my finger and tasting it; you to see her first when she's fresh to the sick."

over and over before I would be convinced. Crebous people do get so much tar in their mouths."

Gurley laughed, and said he hoped she would have no further experience in tar.

They went into the sitting-room, and she sat down on the sofa, and he on a chair from the plateau. With a flourish, she said that Tessie selected his book and plate and brought him a feet flap.

"I'd like to handle things about a house," she said, partially to herself.

"Housekeeping is your forte, perhaps?"

"I'd like to have you know. Teach the school in this district, you know," she explained.

"Oh," remarked Gurley, to show that his impressions were corrected.

"Yes, but when Thorney and I begin our housekeeping, I shall help to farm."

"I wonder who Thorney is?" thought Gurley.

"Thorney is my brother," she continued.

"He is two years older than I am. He is

groomed. Jesse Stone has spoiled the old horses for the saddle."

"Ah, pah! Jack! Why didn't you tell me you wanted such an animal?" Gurley sought to know the points of a horse, but I could put you up to a thing or two."

"I'd say you couldn't have done better when you see her," said Gurley, warmly.

"She's a good horse, head well up, good shoulders, and full of fire."

"Old, and weak in the knees, I'll be bold."

"Just three years, and as quick as a cat."

"There wasn't nothin' about horse dealin' in our sermon to-night," remarked Randy.

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"I think you to much for reliving Randy."

"I think of relieving Randy altogether," said Thorney with a laugh. "We will call him 'thugs'."

"I wouldn't be a school mias for ne'er money," remarked Randy, blithely.

"What you want is to make a man of yourself," said Gurley.

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